My dear beloved Ada,

8/6/1911

It is a time of joy, Ada! Our greatest Lord above has allowed me passage into his wonderful America. The journey here went smoothly and I’m grateful for the number of Poles that accompanied me. Most of them were like me, men who planned to put a few years or so in America and then return back to Poland. The Jewish agent that brought us here got me and my companions safely across the border with no conflict. I then travelled to a city known New York City to find work in a metal factory plant. You wouldn’t believe how different this city is from our little farm! There are buildings upon buildings that line up and down a countless amount of avenues and boulevards. When I first arrived I couldn’t believe how many people came here! Our train was stock full of people from all over Europe and a new train pulls in daily, brining all kinds of people from afar. The hours at work are kind, the work is fair, and the pay is decent and most importantly, the people are happy. I’m happy. Thomas Jefferson said everyone has the right to pursue happiness, and I believe America is where happiness can be found. I never go to bed with an empty stomach and I never let my roommates go hungry either. One of them, Jacek, works at a factory just like me and the other, Adam, cleans a Catholic Church that is just up the road. Jacek is a young man and he dreams of one day owning an estate, like one of the rich Polish families here. Adam is a little older than me and he plans on getting an education in political writing, both of them were previously peasant boys. There are other Poles in New York, but not many. In fact my supervisor at the factory couldn’t guess where I was from! I’m the Pole in my assembly line and he said he thought I was Austrian for the longest time! Can you believe it? Austrian! Though, my supervisor is a kind man. He often quotes the late President Lincoln he says,“ I regard our immigrants as one of the principal replenishing streams which are appointed by to repair the ravages of internal war and its waste of national strength and health.” Every morning I thank God and President Lincoln for allowing me this opportunity to make things a little bit easier back at home. I’ve been thinking Ada, and I want you Mother and little Jakob to come here to America. I haven’t enough money now but when I do I’ll send for you, and we can live our lives here. Tell Mother I love her and miss her. Tell little Jakub to be like Noble Koscivsko, and live honorably in the face of God and Jesus above. Don’t work too hard in mills dearest Ada, and I’ll see you soon. God bless and Poland for she is a dying country in great need of prayer.

Your loving husband,

Jakob



Polish American Family

<http://www.everyculture.com/multi/images/gema_03_img0194.jpg>

Citations

Dolan, Sean. *The Polish Americans*. United States of America: Chelsea House Publishers, 1997. Print.